VOL. 2, NO. 22 : SEPT. 20, 1934 : TEN CENTS

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in Next Week's Issue

A Proposal for Cultural Activities
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Editor's Quill

SO SUCCESSFUL—religiously, artistically, financially—was the recent five-day Serra Festival that the group of enthusiastic initial promoters and workers and their large group of helpers who came later are fired with an ambition to make this festival, which primarily honors a great man, an annual Carmel event.

They should be encouraged in every way possible. There are so many interests which may be enlisted in this type of celebration. Primarily the Church must be the motive force in creating a great annual festival. Thus, the religious interest comes first. Then we have Serra's attribute as a civilizer to engage our thought and admiration. The historians too are intrigued. Incidentally the drama, in its artistic sense, comes in for consideration. In fine, there is no lack of sufficient and worthwhile reasons for holding the Serra Festival every year.

No sooner do annual affairs of one kind or another in other cities come to a close than the promoters and workers begin to think of and work for the next year's affair. It is not too early to set our thoughts in the direction of a Serra Festival for 1935. Here the TOWN CRIER inaugurates the publicity for next year's community event.

—W. L. O.

A LIFTED EDITORIAL

IN ORDER to more thoroughly acquaint the people with the economic and political issues which confront them at this time, with particular reference to the candidacy of Upton Sinclair for Governor, the TOWN CRIER takes the liberty of publishing, in part, an editorial printed in the *Monterey Peninsula Herald* on September 14th.

"Granted the sincere idealism of Upton Sinclair, the personal integrity of him as an individual, the necessity for continuing social and economical reforms, the sweet appeal of his program to thousands of people who are in a tight hole—can these questions (and many more could be added to them) be answered in such a way that the calm, thinking, far-sighted, and patriotic Californian really wants to 'take the chance' on Upton Sinclair?

"Several questions should be carefully studied by every voter who wonders whether he or she should cast a ballot for Sinclair, now that the general election awaits California's momentous decision:

1. Is Sinclair, the socialist and radical reformer, author, and ardent champion of the under-dog, capable by capacity, training and temperament of being the practical executive chief of one of the most powerful States in the Union?

2. Does one believe Sinclair will be able to carry out the EPIC plan; and if so, how and when; and is that what the American freeman wants and can fit in with his tradition?

ATTENTION!

NO ADVERTISING HAS BEEN SOLICITED FOR THIS WEEK'S TOWN CRIER DUE TO AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT WHICH WILL BE MADE IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

3. Does the Californian want his State to be the laboratory of the most extreme experiment in governmental paternalism and regimentation, that any Anglo-Saxon people has ever known.

4. If Sinclair fails, what then? On whose shoulders will that failure rest, when it comes to paying the bill, and how long will it then take to come up for air?

5. Do the people of California want every appointive office in the power of the governor, including control of the National Guard, turned over to Sinclair and his advisory staff of men and women imbued with similar zeal for reform of everything at once?

6. Out of what executive material of proven capacity and experience will Sinclair fill the jobs that will be vacated when he "throws the rascals out"?

7. Do the thinking people of California seriously want a large part of the population of this State segregated in State-controlled colonies, dependent exclusively upon the interchange of commodities by the use of scrip?

8. Do the people of California believe it is good for their social and economic health to be captained by a governor, who would certainly be so tolerant of all leftist movements, that this State would have a "Welcome" mat before its front door for every faddist, experimenter, radical, socialist, and even communist that cares to come to enjoy the California climate and, at the worst, get a job in a collective farm or collectivist factory?

Poetry

Softly the west wind blows,
Gaily the warm sun goes.
The earth her bosom showeth,
And with all sweetness floweth,

Goes forth the scarlet spring,
Clad with all blossoming,
Sprinkles the fields with flowers,
Leaves on the forest.

Dens for four-footed things,
Sweet nests for all with wings,
On every blossomed bough,
Joy ringeth now.

I see it with my eyes,
I hear it with my ears,
But in my heart are sighs,
And I am full of tears.

Alone with thought I sit,
And blench, remembering it.
Sometimes I lift my head,
I neither hear nor see.

Do thou, O Spring most fair
Squander thy care
On flower and leaf and grain,
—Leave me alone with pain.

—THE CAMBRIDGE SONGS

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News of the Hamlet

Last Thursday night Mrs. Annie Powers, wife of Sam Powers, veteran stage driver of this city, passed away in San Jose, where she had been for the last two weeks, following a long illness. Mrs. Powers, who was a cousin of Admiral George Dewey, was born in New York 87 years ago and had lived in California for the last 40 years.

Besides her husband, she is survived by 12 grandchildren, all living in Carmel.

Funeral services in a Monterey chapel, were held on Saturday afternoon.

❀ ❀

One of the rarest trees from the famous private collection of the late Harry Greene, of Monterey, will be planted in the new arboretum at Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, as a memorial to Mr. Greene.

The tree is a magnificent specimen of the rare Santa Lucia fir and is donated by Mrs. Greene in memory of her husband as a result of negotiations carried on by Alex Eddie of the Del Monte nurseries with John McLaren, superintendent of Golden Gate Park, who has expressed great satisfaction at the acquisition of so rare a specimen.

❀ ❀

The second meeting of the Scouting year started with twenty-two Scouts present. Scoutmaster John Neikirk announced a Father and Son Feed for Saturday evening, September 22nd. He also announced a Scout Jamboree for all of the troops of the county to be held at Santa Cruz on the following Saturday. The "Boardwalk" will be offered to Scouts at half price.

The Court of Honor, which is to be held at Sunset School on October 12th, was discussed, and all Scouts were urged to have their work in shape to qualify for awards.

The best good turn for the week just past was done by two Scouts, who offered their services to the Sunset School traffic squad until they have had time to get organized.

The troop is sorry to lose Billy Junkins, who has moved away and is transferring. Billy is the boy, who when ordered to stay out of the swimming pool at Scout Camp last summer because of a cold, climbed a tree and out onto a limb overhanging the pool, in order to see what was going on. He became so interested in the fellows below, that he lost his hold and into the pool he came. Of course he was somewhat wet!

After the announcements of the fine events just ahead, the troop had a knot-tying contest, directed by Assistant Scout Master Bauernschmidt. A game of beckon was played. The circle was made for the closing ceremony, and troop 86 adjourned.

❀ ❀

Showings at the Carmel Art Gallery, on Dolores Street, are many and varied. Carmelites and visitors, artists and art-lovers, show a keen interest in each new exhibit.

New oils of various sizes and subjects are now on the walls. Also, to lend variety, bronzes of Arthur Hill Gilbert and Professor Millikan, by Austin James, are shown.

A "Black and White" exhibit is scheduled for October 15th to November 15th. From November 15th to December 31st a "Thumb Box" display has been arranged for, size of pictures being limited to 10x15 inches.

Mrs. Nellie Montague, in charge of the gallery, open daily from 2 to 5 o'clock, extends a cordial invitation to all to attend. Also, she will make telephone appointments for morning consultations.

❀ ❀

There are signs of much activity around the Manzanita Club these days. Much hammering of boards, shovelling of sand, pouring of concrete. A flagpole, fifty-two feet high, rose as if by magic last Sunday morning. Reason: Carmel Post 512, American Legion, is getting ready for its initial effort. The youngest Post in the Department of California is about to swing into a long career of usefulness with a housewarming to which all Legionaires and their guests will be invited.

Because Carmel Post is determined to keep its pledge of $250 toward the "On To Miami Fund" it has been decided to stage the affair for the benefit of the Drum and Bugle Corps of Monterey Peninsula Post 41, American Legion, and to stage it in a manner insuring complete success.

October 6th is a date that wives and other womenfolk of Legionaires should mark on their calendars now. For that is the date that has been set aside for the auspicious first major activity of Carmel Post. On that night all eligible males are slated to undergo a series of treatments at "A Night in the Doghouse." On more than one occasion males, meaning those that have taken onto themselves the high and mighty title of "Benedict," have been summarily consigned to the "Doghouse" by their irate spouses. This in spite of the fact that no such facility happened to be available. Carmel Post will provide for that longfelt want on the date specified. Judging by the amount of consigning that has been heard of late on the Peninsula, a record list of old offenders against the whims and wishes of the "Storm and Strife" will be in attendance.

Just what the "Doghouse" really is, what goes on within its mysterious interior from which issues much yipping and terrified and agonized howling, that is a deep and dark secret. But those wives desiring to rid themselves of the obnoxious presence of their, always overbearing and grouchy, better halves can rest assured that one night's sojourn in the "Doghouse" will work a marvelous change in the demeanour of their Necessary Pests.

Anyone of the following named will be glad to give information as to eligibility, to "Doghouse" admittance: Jimmy Reagan, Major Landers, Captain Pat Hudgins, Gabe Burnett and Floyd Mangrum.

❀ ❀

The Carmel Music Society, meeting at the residence of Dr. R. A. Kocher recently, discussed the attractions for the coming winter season. It was voted to open the 1934-35 Winter Series with the internationally famous Don Cossack Male Chorus of thirty-six voices.

Following a New York concert of this group, Deems Taylor wrote, "The Don Cossacks constitute the finest male chorus I have ever heard or hope to hear . . ."

The Society is negotiating for three other artists, of world-wide reputation.

❀ ❀

City Councilman Bernard Rowntree is now secretary and treasurer of the regional humane society. He will keep the records and accounts of the organization up to date and in good order.

The humane officer is Vic Renslow, and can be reached by telephoning Monterey 3333.

❀ ❀

Donald Hale has been appointed a member of the Democratic County Committee, vice Charles Allaire, disqualified. Hale was a candidate for the Carmel Postmastership. Mrs. Irene Cator is still Acting Postmaster only.

SOCIAL CREDIT

(Continued from last week)

ARTICLE V

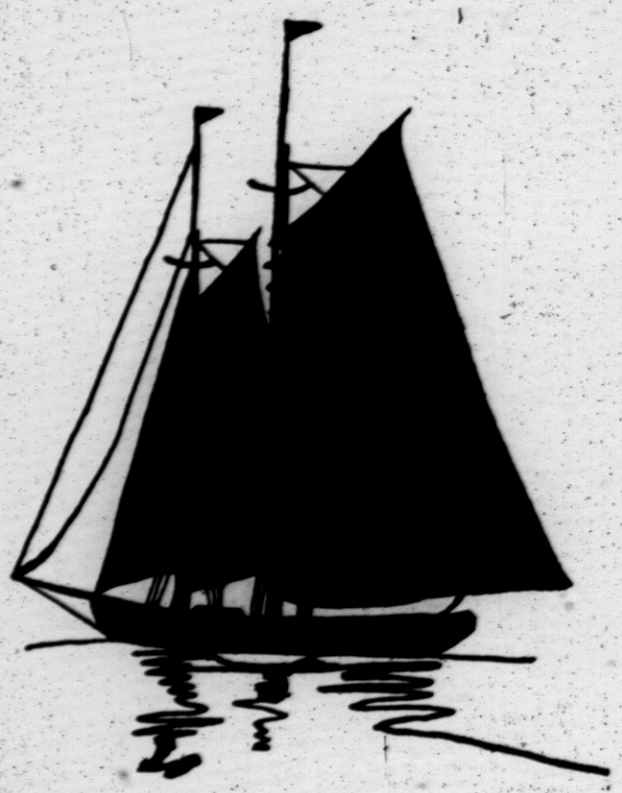
The causes of alternate booms and depressions have furnished the "experts" grounds of heated and never-ending argument. All sorts of reasons have been assigned; all sorts of explanations given, ranging from sun spots to "acts of God."

All this, say the social credit people, is sheer nonsense—when it is not a deliberate effort to deceive by surrounding the whole matter with mystery.

The major causes of booms and slumps are simple enough to ascertain: One of them has been already dealt with—the producer taking back in price more than he distributes in wages, salaries, and dividends. The other is the policies pursued by financiers. When these men decide that it will pay them best to get their returns from interest on loans, they grant large numbers of loans, charging low interest to encourage borrowing. These new bank loans increase the amount of cheque money before new goods come into existence to "back" the new money and to give it proper value.

The consequence is that with new money created faster than new goods, inflation takes place; prices begin to rise and the value of money to fall. After this has gone on for some time, financiers begin to get a bit nervous.

Money, the "commodity" which they have the right of creating, is no longer worth as much, in goods, as formerly; and finally the time arrives when they feel that even the interest they are charging on numerous loans does not compensate for the decrease in the value of money.



It is time to call a halt; the value of money must be increased again by destroying some of it in the form of bank loans. Even if their interest returns are much less, it will pay them in the long run; and besides, the more valuable money is, the more influence those who control it can wield.

And so begins the destruction of money, called "deflation," which is carried out in this way:

A merchant who is carrying on his business and who has been dependent on a regular succession of bank loans goes to get his usual loan or renewal. Hitherto, this has been a mere matter of course; he signs the necessary papers and gets his loan. But this time it is different, the bank either compels him to take less than usual, or insists on higher interest than he can afford to pay, or refuses the loan entirely.

Then begins a connected series of events disastrous to everyone but the bankers. With this loan refused or reduced, the merchant cannot give his usual order to the manufacturer, the manufacturer is obliged to let some of his workers go, the discharged workers can buy less and less, and soon the slump is well under way.

That, say the social credit people, is one of the major causes of a depression, pointing out that at the time the financiers instituted the deflation there was no justification for it, because there was no decline in industry's capacity to produce goods, nor in the needs and wants of the consumers. They—the financiers—simply decided that money was too "cheap" and that the time was ripe to begin the usual procedure of making it "dear" again.

Here we have a graphic illustration of how totally opposed, and even hostile, are the policies and objectives of finance to the policies and objectives of industry and the consuming public.

People still want all the goods and services industry can turn out. And industry on its part is ready and anxious to produce them, because, of course, it pays industry to do so. But finance, for reasons of its own—reasons as selfish as they are totally unrelated to the real necessities of the situation—simply says "No" and at once there begins the brutal process that paralyzes industry and puts millions of men and women into unemployment, want and suffering.

It is this which has moved the social credit writers to say that the financial system is an artificial thing, taking no concern of realities, but engaged exclusively in manipulating financial values, forced them up or down as it suits the whims of the handful of men who control it.

It is undoubtedly this which led the Pope recently to say:

"In our days not alone is wealth accumulated, but immense power and despotic domination is likewise concentrated in the hands of a few. This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, are able to govern and control credit and determine its allotment.

"For that reason they supply, so to speak, the life blood to the entire economic body and grasp in their hands the very soul of production, so that no one dare breathe against this will."

It is this that, undoubtedly, led Senator Norris to say in a recent speech:

"Mr. President, if the government of the United States today wanted to take over the railroads of this country, it would have to see only one man, just one, J. P. Morgan. That is true of almost any other operation.

"Mr. Morgan and his associates would be able to enter into the deal if they wanted to, and compel a sale if they wanted to. They can control in any of these corporations the lowering or the raising of wages; they can change the conditions of labor; they can raise or lower the price of the output of any of these manufacturing establishments simply because they control the money of the United States.

"The railroad officials are only their servants. The presidents and the officers of these various manufacturing corporations are compelled, whether they like it or not, to obey the mandate that comes from Wall Street. Then will somebody have the courage to deny that there is a money trust?"

This power to control the "life blood of the entire economic body" is much too great, say the social credit leaders, to remain in private hands. We are foolish to waste time in "blaming the bankers for playing the game according to the rules." The proper thing to do is to get busy and change the rules.

(To be continued next week)

❀ ❀

September 27th is the last day upon which citizens may register or reregister for the November election. For many lawful reasons many were disqualified at the recent primary election. Anyone in doubt as to their status should register; places to do so are at the Triangle Realty office and Staniford's drug store.

Dame Gossip

Of local interest is the news of the wedding last Saturday afternoon of Miss Norma Perkes and Thomas A. Work, Jr.

The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aston-Perkes in Hillsborough, with the Rev. George Edward Brown officiating.

The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Aston Perkes of Claremont and a sister of Mrs. Cyril George and of Mrs. Donna Hibbard. She is a graduate of the University of California, where she was a member of Gamma Phi Beta sorority.

Tom Work is one of our most popular young residents, and he and his bride will be enthusiastically welcomed upon their return from a honeymoon spent in the southern part of the State.

❀ ❀

More wedding bells—Dale Leidig has returned from a trip to Portland, where he attended the wedding of his brother, Glen Leidig, to Miss Marion Barry. The young couple returned with Dale and are spending their honeymoon in Carmel.

❀ ❀

Mr. E. W. Acheson, so long manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, has been transferred to the Sebastopol office of the concern, and Bob Smith is busy introducing Mr. Darrell D. Huffmann, the new manager. Mr. Huffmann is busy investigating cottages and hopes to be settled very soon.

❀ ❀

Mrs. A. T. Hyde, who has been at La Ribera Hotel for the past few months, has joined her daughter, Betty, in San Francisco.

❀ ❀

An interesting visitor, and a distinguished one, is Dr. Robert E. Aitken, who is connected with the Mt. Hamilton Observatory. Dr. Aitken is the proud holder of the British Astronomical Society's medal, the highest honor which can be conferred upon an English astronomer. He, with Mrs. Aitken, is a guest of La Playa Hotel.

❀ ❀

Mrs. H. C. Aucourt of Fresno spent last weekend in Carmel visiting her brother-in-law, George Aucourt.

❀ ❀

Mrs. Etta Stackpole has returned to Carmel from San Jose, where she has been spending the past two weeks.

❀ ❀

Miss Marion Plimpton, one the District Managers of the Salinas branch of the SERA is so in love with Carmel that she has taken a house on Casanova Street and commutes daily between here and Salinas. That's love!

❀ ❀

Mr. Jack Gribner, recently connected with the Del Monte Lodge, is now at La Playa Hotel, where he is welcoming guests and seeing to the business of making them at home and comfortable.

❀ ❀

Among recent guests at Hotel La Ribera were the following: Mr. and Mrs. V. C. Ricketts of Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wolff, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Miss Margaret Coleman of Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Page, Alameda; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Fullerton, San Francisco; Miss Dorothy Townsend, Hollywood; Mr. and Mrs. George E. Kipp, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Reed, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. S. F. MacDonald and Miss Frances Hicks of Berkeley.

❀ ❀

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jay Warren of Coronado, returning to their home from a trip through the northern part of the State and Canada, are house guests of Dave Davis for a few days.

❀ ❀

Last Saturday evening the attractive home of Mrs. Charles Watson was the scene of a surprise shower in honor of Mrs. Miles Bain, given by members of the Monterey Eastern Star. Following the unwrapping of the gifts refreshments were served.

❀ ❀

The Rev. Austin B. Chinn of All Saints Episcopal Parish is attending the annual meeting of the diocese in San Francisco. Mrs. Chinn accompanied him.

❀ ❀

After an absence of three months, in the East, during which time she visited the Century of Progress in Chicago, Mrs. Charles Roberts Aldrich has returned to Carmel.

❀ ❀

A number of Dolores Street merchants, interviewed as to the effect on their business by the removal of the Postoffice, give assurance that no noticeable effect is evident. They say that the street is an established shopping center and will continue as busy as ever.

One Life's Record

An Anonymous Autobiography

(Continued from last week)

Once, and once only, within this ten-day period of slavery, did I ask for my hat. The answer was a back-handed blow which bruised my lips and set my heart churning with hatred. I decided to run away—anywhere. And soon came my chance.

"You'll drive to town with me right after breakfast," Mr. Field said one morning when I was spooning the last of my oatmeal.

My heart leaped at the prospect. No slave yearned for his freedom, I thought, more than I craved to escape from this broken home and its barren surroundings. Almost as if I had been her own boy Aunt Lucy kissed me good-bye. I think she sensed intuitively she was never to see me again, for she whispered softly in my ear: "Whatever happens, Bill, always be a good boy."

I climbed to my seat in the buckboard, the whiplash swished and fell, and we tore madly through the lower gate held open by one of the Swedes. Now the pace slowed to a brisk trot and we followed a yellow and winding road piercing red and brown lands relieved here and there by wire-guarded patches of green where the "dogs" had been conquered and shacks thrown up.

Great Falls came duly, and again I saw my hat disappear behind the swinging doors of the Gem Cafe. Now I made my plans. Were I to run away here in town, I reasoned, it would be easy for Mr. Field to locate me. It was better to wait until on the way back to the ranch. Perhaps after opening the gate I could leg it up the valley and find refuge in a coal-mining settlement I'd heard wasn't more than a dozen miles to the westward. Should it be dark, so much the better.

Mr. Field issued from the cafe shortly, a satisfied gleam in his greenish-gray eyes, an alcoholic aura enveloping him. Some rather leisurely shopping followed, and about the time normal folk were thinking of their dinners, the boss took the reins from me and drove to Flora's.

"I'm goin' in to order more grain," he said, and winked at me.

An hour passed, and sounds of music and laughter floated out. Another hour of comparative quiet ensued, and then a big woman with gold-crowned teeth and diamond earrings came out and spoke to me.

"Daddy says for you to put the nose-bag on them horses and give 'em their oats."

"He isn't my dad," I said sulkily while stooping to investigate what was in the box under the seat.

The woman lingered and eyed me curiously. "Have you had your lunch, Kid?" she asked after a little time.

I shook my head. An oath burst from the lips of this woman with corn-silk hair arranged so beautifully. It was the first time I'd heard a woman swear. It shocked me, but even as my cheek warmed she wheeled and dashed into the house. I looped the reins around the whip-socket and found the pair of nose-bags and the oats. I was just finishing with the last buckle on the near horse, when I turned at a touch on my elbow.

"Swallow this, Kid," came simultaneously in a husky voice.

It was Flora, holding a tray. I could see chicken-meat peeping from between golden-brown squares of toast. And a tall glass bigger than any I ever saw before held an amber liquid I rightly suspected was lager beer.

I was hungry. The chicken was excellent. And now I tried the beer. It had a bitter taste, and I daresay my dislike was reflected on my face. Meanwhile the woman watched me.

"How old are you?" she asked presently.

"Seventeen," I lied, ashamed to confess that I'd not long since had my fourteenth birthday.

"You don't like Field, *do* you?"

I admitted that I felt even stronger than that about him, whereupon a bit of my story was wormed out of me.

"He's an old rotter," Flora pronounced. "If you want to leave him, I'll take you in and give you a home and a job."

"What would I have to do?"

"Light work. Just wait on my boarders. Lug trays up and down stairs, run errands for cigarettes and things."

Embarrassment swamped me. The woman was trying to be kind. None of my heroes had ever worked or dwelt in a place of this sort. Perhaps when I was older I might visit one for a few minutes to see what it was like. Meanwhile—

"Thank you," I said slowly, "but I think I'd better keep on for a while with Mr. Field."

"That's all right, Kid," she said, a thoughtful expression on her face. And then suddenly she flashed a gold-crowned smile. "But don't forget," she added, "that any time you change your mind there's a nice home waitin' here for you."

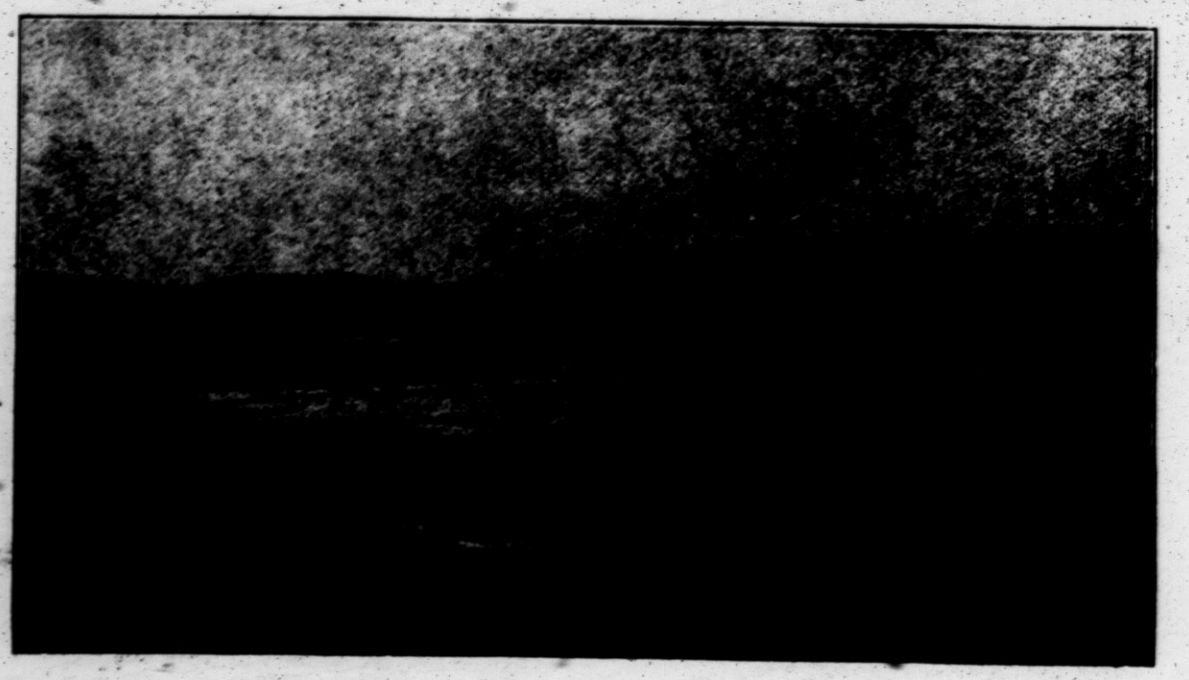
She vanished, and shortly an aproned colored girl came out for the tray and glass. "Yo' boss gettin' mighty well corned," she volunteered.

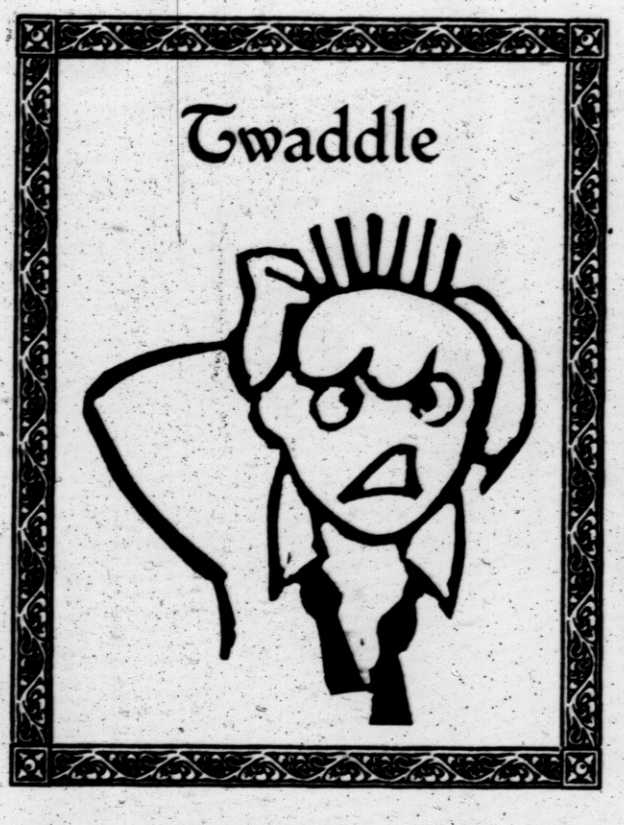
And indeed he was. When, late in the afternoon he was assisted from the house, he had a helper on either side. And bringing up in the rear came Flora—bearing my hat.

"He's dead set on goin' home," she explained with a shrug. "Mind you don't let him fall out."

I drove slowly away, Mr. Field crumpled at my side. He was inarticulate, comatose in fact, and boldly now I donned my own hat and slanted the brim as best I could to the proper angle. I found the yellow road, and as the miles fell behind us I thrilled to the thought of the ease with which I might now regain my freedom. Two or three miles away from the home ranch, and I pulled out of the road and stopped. Not a dwelling was in sight. I prepared now to wreak my revenge.

I freed the horses from the pole and stripped the harnesses from them. A





I'm afraid Winter is really upon us in earnest. At Del Monte this week end the Carmel representation was conspicuous by its absence. Wish some of the old stand-bys would play hooky from school and stay here for a few months longer. About the only members of the old guard left were the Monteagle sisters, both as attractive as ever, escorted by Bob Smith and Fred Hecht, and Beverly and Joan Tait, enjoying thmselves with Dale Leidig and Bob Bushman, recently graduated from Purdue. George Aucourt, looking very lonesome without Fran Conlon—and Stu Marble—ummm, where *did* you find that very, very good-looking blonde?

❀ ❀

The Lodge has given up completely and from now on there should be some grand Sunday night fire-light entertainment going on.

Miss Sandra Graft has left for San Francisco, where she attends the Sarah Dix Hamlin School.

❀ ❀

John Nye is playing in "The Drunkard" in Los Angeles, where incidentally Ed Files is acquitting himself most nobly. Reports have it that Ed will be transferred to the San Francisco company in the near future, so maybe we'll see something of him this winter after all.

❀ ❀

Bert Comstock is toiling for the Telephone Company in Seattle. (Wonder if he has the job of collecting nickels from the coin boxes at the end of the month?)

❀ ❀

Bud Todd is off to school in New Mexico and Lad Hyde has hied himself to Menlo—and oh me, it's all too depressing.

❀ ❀

Doc and Mrs. Staniford are back—and Doc says if you think Carmel is deserted you should take a look at Tia Juana and Agua Caliente—nothing and nobody to see at all. Doc, I like you so much, I'll refrain from the obvious retort!

❀ ❀

Last week I was quite worried over the prospect of having someone dump a houseful of furniture on the beach in order to provide space for a load of Kal Sapero's furniture to move into. This week I'm much more worried—because the Sapero's worldly goods are enroute from Los Angeles—well—just enroute—and now I'm afraid it will be the Sapero furniture that will be elected—and just to add to the fun, today it's raining! Cheer up, Kal—maybe they'll lend you the Denny-Watrous Gallery!

❀ ❀

Well, I finally met a Russian! Paul Fligel (and is he Russian) was sketching Dorothy Fitzpatrick up at Marie McFarland's Beauty Studio, and I wandered right in the middle of some elegant drawing and some elegant tales of the Revolution. It was all a little too fast for me and I don't exactly know whether Mr. Fligel should be an artist or an author, but I think maybe both. Anyway, his work was *lovely*, and he was charming and *very* tolerant. We didn't even know they had cattle ranches in Russia!

It seems that Carmel is Carmel—even unto Oakland! Rossie Kiester ("Pinkie" to you and you) has himself an artistic position. He dispenses beverages at Gallo's Rendezvous (which incidentally is Carmel-controlled. Mme. Barry Orlova's son owns it). I understand that Rossie carefully arranges the liqueur bottles in back of him so that they harmonize with his hair and a gleaming white mess-jacket. It's just too bad if you order something from a bottle at the other end of the bar! Carmelites who would like to verify this, go to East 14th Street at 107th Avenue in Oakland, and believe!

❀ ❀

Bonnie Smith spent last Sunday night as the house guest of Miss Beverly Ellison. Bonnie complained that she was frightfully inconvenienced because no one had been home at her house for the previous two nights and she couldn't get in. But then, she says, Bob *is* working hard these days and she thinks everything will eventually work out all right.

❀ ❀

One local Don Juan has me stopped! He's about to leave for San Francisco, where he has been offered a position and I've been scurrying around trying to find out who's being left behind with a broken heart. As far as I can discover, it's all the gals in town and none! He's been so busy all Summer trying to catch up on all of them that he hasn't had time to light long enough in any one spot to really inflict a good old-fashioned honest-to-brass-tacks break!

❀ ❀

All of which brings to mind my favorite much-maligned person: Charely Guth. He's one swell protection!

—P. C.

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smart slap on the flanks, and they snorted with surprised delight and made off. Now I broke the whip into fragments, and then turned for a farewell look at my late boss. He was safe, and as not many hours would pass before he'd be located, he wouldn't be apt to suffer much from the cold. I listened for a moment to the heavy but regular breathing, glimpsed in disgust the open mouth, and turned away.

A four-stranded wire fence lay to the westward of the road. And far beyond it reared a spine of reddish buttes cleft by purple coulees. In this general direction lay the coal-mining hamlet where I purposed seeking refuge. A taking of bearings, a deep breath or two, and I crawled between the lowermost strands of barbed-wire and trudged off toward the setting sun.

(To be continued next week)

The Theatre

"TREASURE ISLAND" IN THE MOVIES

A handsome and faithful retelling of the Stevenson classic, with Jackie Cooper as *Jim Hawkins*, Wallace Beery as *Long John Silver* and Lionel Barrymore as *Captain Billy Bones*. The adaptation and production have been extremely successful in capturing both the spirit and the letter of the story. "Treasure Island" will be shown at the Carmel Theatre on Sunday afternoon and evening and again on Monday evening.

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Of "Stamboul Quest" which will be shown at the Carmel Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 25th and 26th, *The Literary Digest* says:

Miss Myrna Loy, who recently established herself as one of the most interesting and alluring comediennes in the cinema, plays one of those dashing, inscrutable, romantic girl-spies of the E. Phillips Oppenheim school in the new war-time film called "Stamboul Quest." Although the picture is moderately entertaining in its mildly melodramatic way, it is of chief interest because of the position it occupies in Miss Loy's interesting and unusual screen career. Even before the days of the talking-films, Miss Loy was a Hollywood celebrity, but in those days she was more scorned than applauded by the more critical picturegoers. For it was her fate to appear inevitably as some sinister Oriental, treacherous half-breed, or evil home-wrecker, in some of the silliest melodramas of the period. It seemed to most observers that the unfailing villainess of these works was no better than her vehicles.

Then when speech was added to the cinema it was Miss Myrna Loy's fate to continue the same sort of heavily sinister role, but now she was forced to speak a curious pidgin-English which provided her with an additional handicap. In time her luck changed for the moment and she was provided with a part or two, notably in Philip Barry's "The Animal Kingdom," in which she still stood as the unpopular representative of evil, but was allowed to speak actual English, and to make some sense. Whereupon it suddenly was discovered that she possessed genuine ability of no mean order, and she was given a part in a picture called "Penthouse." Here she revealed a delightful vein of comedy, and, after that, in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," and, particularly, in the recent "Thin Man," she emerged as a particularly charming and winning player with a delicious gift for quiet, unaffected humor.

In "Stamboul Quest" Miss Loy faces the problem of going back to a role reminiscent of her unhappy Hollywood past. Again she must be very earnest and very melodramatic, this time as Germany's most fascinating spy, a girl without a heart, who sneers at Mata Hari as a weakling. At once you know that it will not be long before she has a romantic problem on her hands, and along it comes in the person of George Brent, a madcap young American, who insists in pursuing the girl he loves all over the Near East, just as she is trying to expose the wicked Governor of the Dardanelles as a traitor in the pay of the British. The picture is filled with episodes wherein spies conceal secret messages in false teeth and write notes to each other in invisible ink upon their backs. There are many complications, some of them a bit difficult to follow, but the picture has its interest, thanks chiefly to Miss Loy and to C. Henry Gordon, who plays the Turkish traitor.

❀ ❀

DORTON IS LEAVING

Montereyans are not alone in their regret at the resignation of that community's popular and efficient city manager, Randall M. Dorton. "Dall" has a host of admirers in Carmel who for friendly reasons are sorry to have him go to Long Beach. Other considerations, however, reconcile them to his departure.

Dorton's highly successful administration of our sister city's affairs and his ability and willingness to put his shoulder to the wheel in many semi-public undertakings has endeared him to the entire Peninsula. The TOWN CRIER and Carmel friends wish him every success in his new environment and in the task he has undertaken.

B. J. Pardee, former City Manager of Visilia, has been selected as Dorton's successor, at an annual salary of $3900.

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There's something good, even noble, about anyone who does his job well.

Book Reviews

"Modern Russia" by Cicely Hamilton (Dutton, $2.75). This incisive, unpretentious book at once impresses the reader by its honesty and refreshing common sense. Miss Hamilton reports Russia as she saw it, with much to admire and many things to question. She refuses to consider modern Russia as a country completely cut off from its past or the Soviet dictatorship a unique thing in Russian history.

The present reaction from drabness and the interest in foreign clothes; the passion for education; the survival of the pre-war theatre and its influence; Russian methods of birth control; and various aspects of the younger generation—are all features of this lively book. Miss Hamilton is an experienced traveller and the author of three other books on modern Europe. Her views have piquancy and they carry conviction.

❀ ❀

"The Second House From the Corner," by Max Miller (Dutton, $2.50).

In this book Max Miller builds a house, the second house from the corner, and becomes a householder and a married man. He tells of this new phase of his existence in the same way as he did for the other phases—in that utterly simple and ruthless way that has made him unique in contemporary literature. He sees the significance of the world of little things and happenings, and has the power to dramatize the world of miniature. He makes little excruciating points clear—the little points that most people never say anything about, because they are too hidden, too usual, or hurt too much.

In "I Cover the Waterfront" Miller was a reporter. In "He Went Away for Awhile" he became the writer and philosopher. In both he was unattached, obscure and free. Now he is the self-conscious householder—the citizen with a reputation to uphold and an identifying number on his front door.

❀ ❀

Harcourt, Brace have on their Spring list a novel by James Gould Cozzens. Two years ago Cozzens' great novel, "The Last Adam," was a best seller.

Public and school libraries and other institutional, libraries are privileged purchasers of books. They are the only buyers who can obtain a discount on the publisher's price during the first six months after a book's publication.

The code authority of the bookseller's trade fixes the amount of the discounts with approval of NRA.

A public hearing on an application by the code authority for approval of a schedule of discounts was announced recently.

The schedule submitted provides for a discount of 15 per cent on trade books to libraries whose annual appropriations for the purchase of trade books, text books, and other short discount books is less than $10,000; 20 per cent on trade books to those libraries with purchasing appropriations of between $10,000 and $30,000; and 25 per cent on trade books to those libraries whose appropriations are above $30,000.

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Carmel SERA workers, "white-collar" and laborers, who went to work on August 21st, are still on the job. They put in six hours a day—when they work. The October budget will find several of the workers on new projects.

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Though all the accounts of the recent Serra Festival have not been audited and settled, it is believed that the affair will show a profit of approximately $2500. This money will go toward the Mission restoration fund.

Book Notes

"The Ways of White Folks" deals with the relations between white and colored people. The author, Langdon Hughes, Carmel, is to talk about them at Elder's Gallery, San Francisco, next Saturday afternoon.

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Late this month we will have another of Vincent Burns' crusading books, "Female Convict," Macaulay, publisher. "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," was written by Burns.

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Doubleday, Doran will publish the American edition of Clemence Dane's new play, "The Ring of Truth." It will be produced in England next season, with Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks in the cast.

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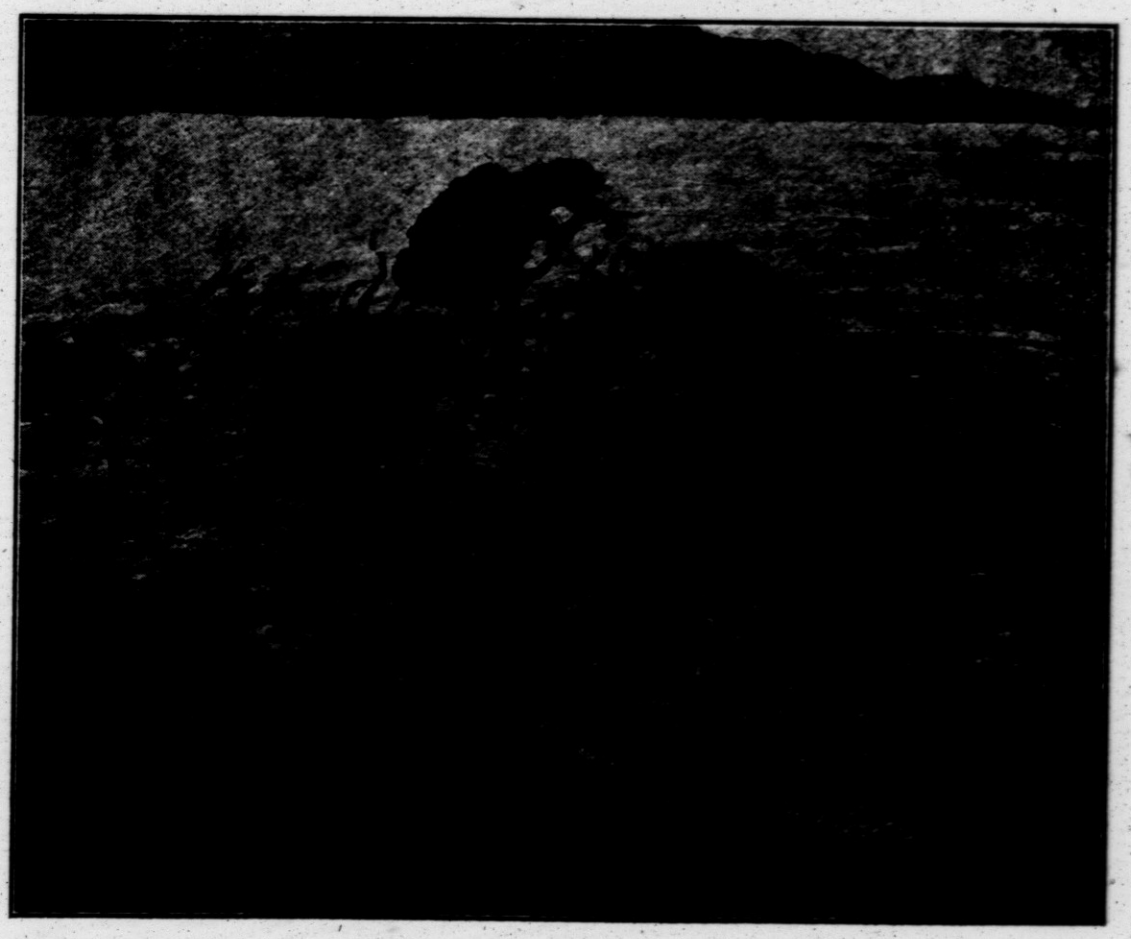
The E. P. Dutton Co. announces for early October a book of 703 sonnets by Jess Stewart, a Kentucky farmer. The sonnets are so arranged as to form a continuous narrative.

❀ ❀

"None But the Brave," a novel by Margaret Moore Marshall, is now on the book-stands. Miss Marshall is a widely-read newspaper columnist.



A PROPOSAL FOR CULTURAL ACTIVITIES

The following letter, addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, was sent by Harold L. Mack the end of last month, and will be of interest in connection with the article in last week's TOWN CRIER, entitled "Shall the Government Subsidize Culture—A Plan."

My dear Mr. Morgenthau:

The Federal Government should have an organization whose duties should be the development of the Arts and Crafts in this country. There is need for such a development not only from the point of view of the direct benefits which the people of this country would derive from a larger interest in and practice of the arts and crafts, but for the influence which such a movement may have on the lives of the people and the solution of the problems which confront this country and the world.

The basic principle which underlies all of the arts and crafts is rhythm, the fundamental quality which human beings have to compose the component part to make an harmonious whole. This relationship of the parts to create a rhythm is the main contribution which art can make to life, and the need of it today in our national and international affairs is very great.

The primary objective of such a proposed Division should be the stimulation of artistic and cultural interest in this country rather than provide direct federal patronage to individuals engaged in the arts and crafts.

The tendency in this country is largely to be an audience, and too little to be a practitioner. Great art is not an isolated phenomena, but comes out of broad national movements and interests. The proposed Division should have general supervision of the actual work carried on by the Federal Government in the arts and crafts, and it should be its objective in connection with this work to organize and reward the outstanding talent which develops in the country. Its chief field of activity, however, should be through the prestige which its support will bring to such a movement, to stimulate individual and local interest and activity throughout the country.

The experience which has been gained through the carrying out of the Public Works of Art Project proves that there is a wide-spread desire for such a movement, and that the movement can be enormously stimulated merely by the impetus which will be given to it through Federal support and patronage. The objective of the proposed Division should be to foster and stimulate artistic and cultural activities and talent throughout the country rather than to impose on the public the taste and opinions of a group of government officials. If the general principles outlined above are adopted in reference to the proposed Division, a wide latitude must be given in carrying it out, and the activities of the Division will have to be sufficiently elastic to take advantage of conditions and opportunities as they develop.

From an incomplete but rather intensive survey of the various kinds of art and cultural movements in this country I believe that at the outset the Division should be set up with a Chief of Division who would have the usual duties as the head of the general movement, and with a group of assistants who should have direct charge of the various branches of the Division.

There should be an Assistant Director who should have immediate charge of the activities of the Division in connection with the Graphic Arts, painting, sculpture, etc. This branch should have general supervision and direction of the work the Federal Government carries on in connection with its various activities such as the embellishment of public buildings and parks, designs for stamps, medals, etc., that it puts out, official portraits, and general cooperation with activities of the various parts of the Government which involve these phases of art. It should also promote local interest in art through the country. One of the specific things which I think this branch of the proposed Division should do is to carry out the plan already discussed of sending the National Exhibition of work produced under the Public Works of Art Project throughout the country as a means of stimulating local interest and knowledge of art, and keeping in touch with the regional and state committees which have been organized throughout the country as centers of activity and growth in interests of this sort.

There should be a branch of the Division having special interest in charge of Music under an Assistant Director whose primary objective would be to stimulate

local movements in music. I am not familiar from personal experience with the country's musical activities, but am very much impressed with the general ideas expressed in Thomas Whitney Surette's book "Music and Life," the central theme of which is that music should be developed along lines of natural expression. In other words develop the love of music rather than enforce artificial practice of it. I believe if funds are provided one thing the department should undertake is a participation in the National Orchestra in Washington.

A branch interested in the crafts of this country should be organized. The primary purpose of this branch should be to make available throughout the country fine designs for various kinds of craftsmanship. There is a great deal of craft skill in this country, but a woeful need for fine design, and I see no reason why the Government should not be prepared to supply designs for crafts in the same way they are prepared to provide seeds for the farmers.

There should be a branch of the Division which will have to do with Landscape Architecture and Gardening. This Division should have general supervision of the work of landscape gardening in connection with the Federal buildings and parks, and should be the means through the influence of Federal support of developing the idea of the beautification of the country in the large number of ways in connection with suitable laying out and landscaping of roads, developing movements for beautification of cities, and generally as a Government instrument for getting rid of the ugliness and scars that so generally result in this country from human construction.

As the work of the Division develops other activities may be added. Special consideration should be given to the development of the arts and crafts in the schools. From what I know of the situation there is a great need for improvement and extension of activity in this direction. The wrong kind of teacher of the arts and crafts in the schools revolts the youth of the country against it, and the right kind will make it a great national asset.

The proposed Division should cooperate very closely with the Federal Relief Organization in assisting them in relief work which is being carried on among the people of this country engaged in the arts and crafts. I believe that the work of the Division can best be furthered if any art work actually carried on by the Division be based on the sole qualification of quality and not relief need.

The experience which we have had in connection with the Public Works of Art Project has proved that there are a large number of people in this country interested in the artistic and cultural development of the country who will be prepared to serve on local committees, and act as centers in their localities for the development of such a movement, and it should be one of the prime duties of the proposed Division to develop these committees throughout the country and to act as a clearing house for the exchange of information and ideas among them to stimulate their activities through the very powerful medium of Federal patronage, and the prestige which this patronage gives. While the committees will be made up of voluntary workers the Division should be in a position to provide certain field agents and clerical help for these local activities.

A study of the folk art of the country should be undertaken and the results made available.

I believe that sufficient funds should be provided to enable the proposed Division to operate along the lines suggested in this memorandum for at least a year, after which time the accomplishments of the Division can be surveyed and if these results justify it, as I believe they will, the Division can be made an integral part of the Government.

Respectfully submitted,

HAROLD L. MACK

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MERRIAM FOR GOVERNOR CLUB

Last Monday evening, at Pine Inn, about sixty Carmel citizens responded to a call for the organization of a Non-Partisan Merriam for Governor Club. More than fifty signed membership cards.

The "Epic" plan of government as advocated by Upton Sinclair, Socialist-Democratic candidate for Governor, came in for a severe panning in addresses made by S. F. B. Morse and Major C. A. Shepard. Matters relating to registration were the subject of a brief talk by W. L. Overstreet. John B. Jordan was elected President of the organization and Miss Helen Rosenkrans is the Vice-President. An executive committee of five will be appointed.

Amongst those present were several rock-ribbed Democrats, who declared their intention to support Merriam in November.

Mrs. Mary T. Dummage has donated the use of a store on Dolores, where the Merriam headquarters have been established. Literature, Merriam buttons and other campaign material will be available.

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GOLF TOURNAMENT

An "On To Miami" Golf Tournament has been proposed by the Monterey Peninsula Exchange Club, to be held on the Pacific Grove Municipal Links, September 22-23, the proceeds to be applied to the "On To Miami" fund of the Monterey Drum and Bugle Corps of the American Legion.

Handicaps are being worked out by Fred X. Fry, and keen competition for the trophy the club will award is expected. Additional prizes, to be secured through the co-operation of Carmel merchants, will add zest to the play. All indications are that low scores will be turned in by dark horses.

Those interested should get into contact with Jack Schroeder, realtor, of Ocean Avenue.

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A number of Carmel firemen attended the meeting of the State Firemens' Association at Santa Cruz early this week. Chief Robert Leidig headed the local delegation.

News of the World

"Although a "For Rent" (at $40 a month) sign has been tacked on the house at 21 Massasoit Street, Northampton, Massachusetts, the movement started several weeks ago to take over the house as a memorial to its most illustrious tenant, the late Calvin Coolidge, is growing.

The simple frame dwelling, a two-family house, was occupied by the Coolidges for man years, and from it "Silent Cal" went to the Governorship of Massachusetts, and, eventually, the Presidency. During the Coolidges' entire occupancy, they paid only $32 to $35 a month. The present owner of the house figures that the Coolidges' tenanty enhances the value of that part of the house by about $5.

Although Mr. Coolidge died in a far more pretentious place, The Beeches, off South Street in Northampton, those interested in acquiring a shrine for posterity seem to feel that the two-family house would be more fitting. So it would. What endeared our former President to an extravagant people in the midst of their most extravagant period was the quaint dignity of his frugal ways.

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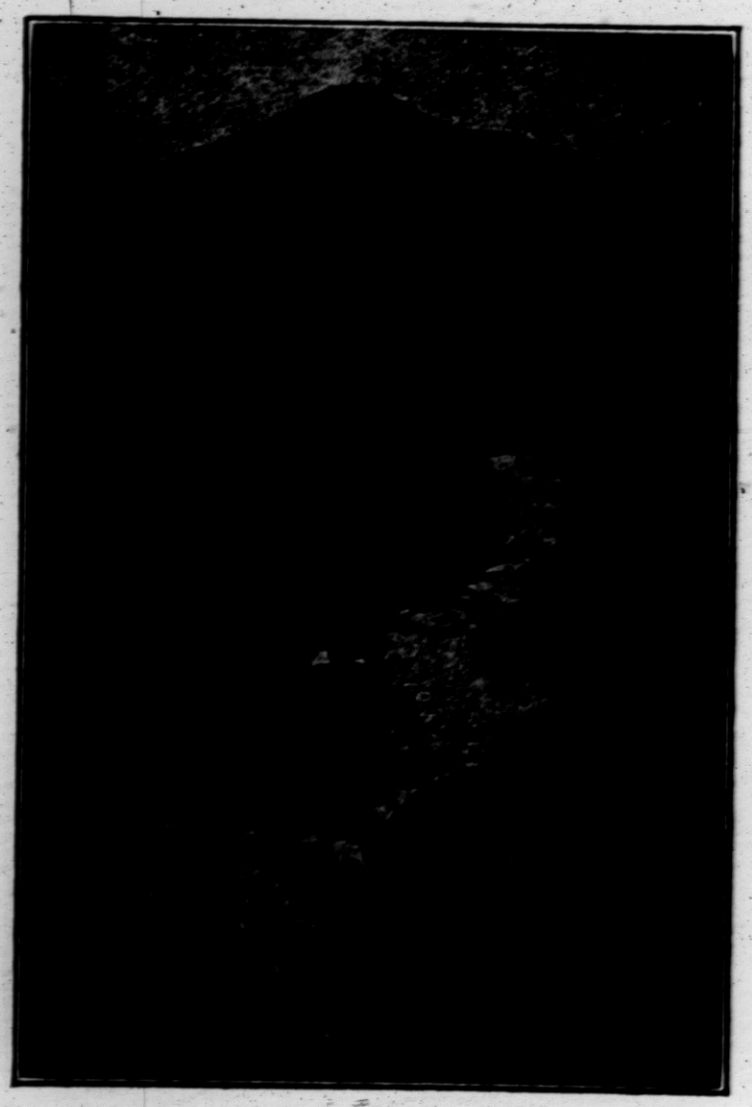
It is common knowledge that disaster and drunken driving are boon companions. From this, it is often reasoned that drunken driving is one of the principal causes of traffic accidents—which is simply not true. Nor, despite the charges of some prohibitionists, is it true that alcohol has become a major factor in such accidents since repeal.

There has been an increase in the number of traffic accidents which may be attributed to liquor, but these still are only a small percentage of the total number. In New York State, according to a survey by the Travelers Insurance Company, of 21,421 drivers involved in accidents during the first quarter of last year, only 127 were intoxicated. Of 22,007 drivers involved during the first quarter of this year, 135 were intoxicated.

The National Safety Council, surveying non-fatal accidents in a number of States, produces testimony to much the same effect. It finds that the number of drivers involved in accidents during the first quarter of 1934 was greater by 6,507 than the number involved in the first quarter of 1933, while the number of those who "had been drinking" increased by 469.



Naturally, the Council emphasizes the fact that drinking spells danger on the highways. "There is not the slightest doubt that the person under the influence of liquor is very likely to get into trouble in traffic," it says. Nevertheless, it concludes: "The use of intoxicating liquors can by no stretch of imagination be looked upon as a major cause of traffic accidents."

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Those suffering from hay-fever or catarrh can combine pleasure with relief, if they so desire—and have the price of transportation across the Atlantic. The tiny Island of Heligoland, in the North Sea, near the mouths of the Elbe and Weser rivers, is a veritable paradise for sneezers. The absence of certain grasses and plants, the pollen of which is believed to cause hay-fever, led to the choice of this location.

Already a popular summer resort, it has recently drawn a congress of bronchial experts. The place virtually has been overrun with sufferers from summer catarrh—and all seem to have found happiness.

❀ ❀

The story of Maurice Wilson is the story of a magnificent failure. Other men had accepted the challenge of Mount Everest's rugged crags and gaping crevasses, but none ever had dared the ascent alone. The former British Army captain had seen many heavily outfitted expeditions set out on the arduous climb only to be repulsed by the scaly peaks and biting winds. He came to the conclusion that the size and weight of the stores carried were at the bottom of these failures. Only an Indian Yogi, without possessions and inured to hard, simple living, could surmount proud Everest, he decided.

So he trained for months for the task and by March 25 last was prepared to start. The government had forbidden him to make the attempt, but, dressed in Tibetan clothes, he managed to elude political surveillance. With only three porters and a pack-pony accompanying him, and traveling partly by night, he climbed 21,000 feet in remarkably short time and, having ascended that far, decided to finish the trip alone. His porters last saw him making off along a glacier.

❀ ❀

Should the police make public through the newspapers the details and the clews of sensational crimes, and their plans for apprehending the criminals? The rigid censorship established by the Canadian law-enforcement agencies in the recent

kidnapping of John S. Labatt, wealthy brewer of London, Ontario, brings up again the ever-perplexing problem, of whether publication of police data hinders or aids in solving crimes.

In a general way, it has been true that American newspapers have succeeded in printing details of kidnappings and other famous criminal cases. Not only have the police permitted publication of known facts, but, in many instances, the press has disclosed the plans and tips of the police in tracking down the criminals. Often there has been competition among various police units or officials in vying for personal publicity in the newspapers. Usually the criminals have been able to learn only too much of what the police were going to do, and whom they suspected.

The Labatt kidnapping brought out the difference in Canadian and American methods. Not only did the police keep strictly to themselves all they knew of the case, but Canadian newspaper men did not seem to expect the police to cooperate in making the news available to the public.

In contrast to the usual newspaper attitude that the public is entitled to know the full facts, the Toronto *Globe*, in commenting on the Labatt affair, defended the authorities for being tight-lipped, and condemned the lack of ordered method which "permits, even encourages, the premature publication of details which should be held in closest confidence by the responsible authorities."

Even so, an unfortunate consequence of censorship was the wide-spread publication in newspapers of both countries of countless rumors having little basis in fact.

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Wooden shoes? Certainly. Around a million pairs of them, wooden or wooden soled, are manufactured in this country every year.

The Leather-Rubber-Shoe Division of the Commerce Department, announcing this fact, points out that the shoes are in demand by workers in damp fields in certain parts of the country and by workers in factories who stand on wet concrete floors. The movies and the stage also use some of this product.

So steady and substantial is the demand for wooden-soled shoes and for wooden clogs that ten firms are engaged in their manufacture, most of them specializing in this footwear. The factories are in Iowa, Florida, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois, New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey. Except in the case of such shoes for the theatre and movies, which are usually special orders, the factories keep stocks on hand for immediate delivery.

The wooden footgear has wide variety. It ranges from sandals for women and children to heavy work shoes for men. The sandal soles often are coated attractively with brightly colored enamel. Soles from half an inch to three inches thick are used for the heavy work shoes.

The prices vary according to the type of shoe. An all-wood sabot sells for $1 a pair, oxfords for $1.50, high shoes from $1.75 to $3. The wooden sole boots from 16 to 22 inches high sell generally at $6 a pair. Many of the all-wood sabots are sold as souvenirs.

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The peculiar criss-cross shape of pretzels once had a religious significance.

The most recent theory on the origin of the salty products is that they were first used in southern Germany as part of the observance of Holy Week.

The shape which pretzels now have, so the theory goes, was developed as a symbolical representation of the rope tied around Christ's hands at the time of crucifixion.

This information on the origin of pretzels has been developed as the result of an inquiry which Philip H. Dewey, Pennsylvania Secretary of Internal Affairs, made in order to answer questions his Department had received.

Another theory is that pretzels were first known as "prayer-cake," the shape representing the arms folded in the attitude of prayer.

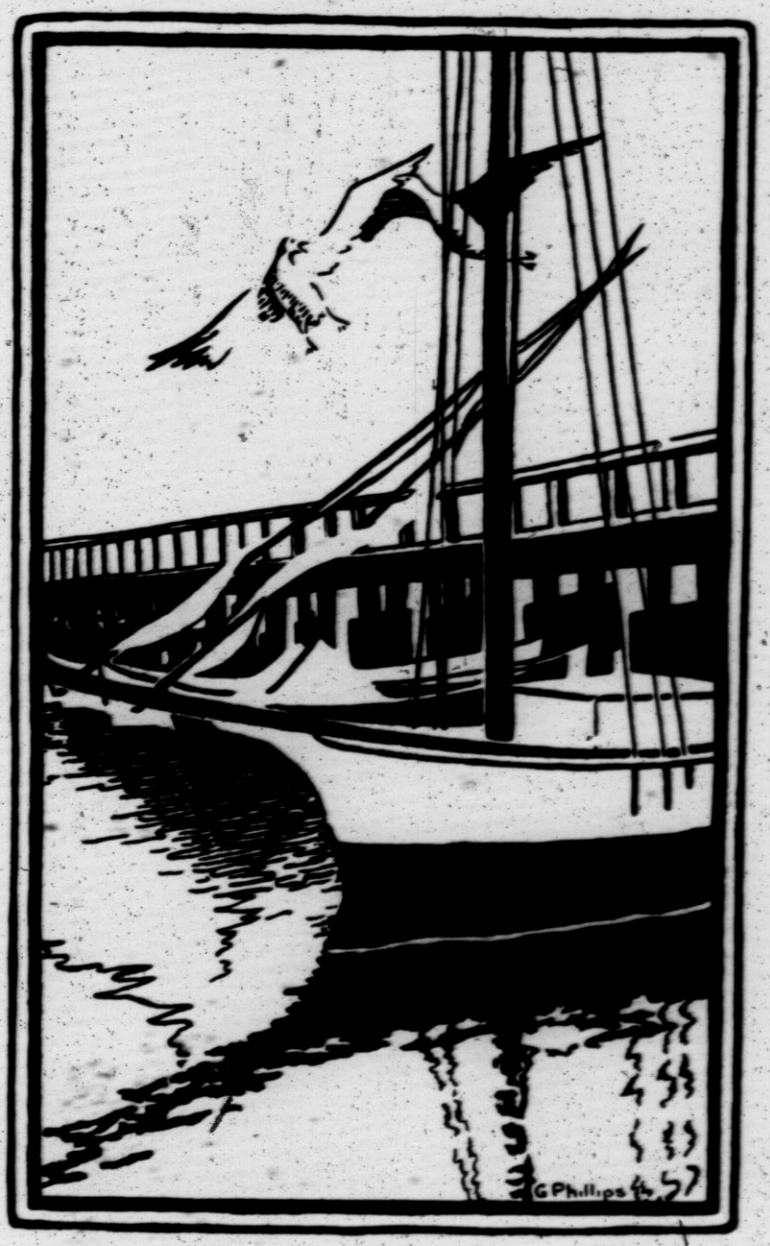
There has been a large increase in the manufacture of pretzels in the United States during recent years. Commerce Department figures show that this gain set in several years before the repeal of prohibition.

❀ ❀

An unusual business experiment, with interesting social implications, has been begun by the Hearn department store, one of the oldest retail organizations in New York City.

Beginning last month, and continuing for a year, Hearn's will operate on a basis of no dividend or salary to its owner-management, according to Maurice Levin, President.

Profits will be turned back into lower prices to "enable people to buy more of the things they need, stimulate trade, and provide more employment." Hearn's can do this because there are no stockholders, bondholders, or bankers in the business. The store also is on a cash basis. Mr. Levin



believes that more goods will pass over counters, more mills will be busy, and more jobs will result. In short, he hopes, in this novel manner, to speed recovery.

Mr. Levin said he had discussed his plan with General Johnson, Mayor La-Guardia, Alfred E. Smith, and other prominent public leaders, all of whom, according to him, have indorsed it enthusiastically. He said he found them "pretty unanimously of the opinion that it would be a good thing for American industry to forget about dividends for a year, and turn its efforts to building business instead."

The plan will be watched closely by those who feel that recovery—in industry, at any rate—continues to rest not with the Government alone, but with enterprising and resourceful business men who are not altogether obsessed with the making of profits.

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The story is Ashley Cooper's, first Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company to travel to the Arctic by the old route.

An Eskimo saw a Hudson's Bay advertisement of a dress, displayed on a model, with the price tag of $25 underneath it. An impetuous fellow, evidently, he immediately went to the trading-post and presented a fox-skin valued at the necessary $25, saying, "Would you please send this pelt to the store and ask them to send this woman because I want to make her my wife?"

With no apparent need for the dress, his fox-pelt doubtless was returned to him, but, somewhere in the Arctic, there probably is an Eskimo who looks out over vast fields of ice and snow and now and then thinks sadly, and with some degree of bewilderment, on the white man's queer ways.

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BOY SCOUT NEWS

Herman S. Crossman, chairman of the local Scout Troop Committee, announes that plans are well under way for the expansion of the local Scout organization. The Sea Scouts, starting with a nucleus of six members, expect to obtain a full quota of ten or twelve older boys very shortly. Skipper Peterson and Mate Cockburn announce that the boys are completing the construction of a twenty foot sailing boat which will be launched in October. Skipper Peterson, a retired naval commander, has worked devotedly in furthering the promotion of a Sea Scout Ship and is securing a fine response from the older boys.

Of interest to many parents will be the announcement that the Cub Pack for younger boys will have the support of the Troop Committee. Mr. Melvin Dorsett was elected chairman of the Cub Pack Committee and has the preliminary organization under way. The objective of the Cub Pack branch of Scouting is to create neighborhood groups that try to live up to Cub ideals of being Square, Loyal, Fair, Happy, and Game. Parents are invited and urged to take a vital interest in this program which proposes to keep the younger boys happily and constructively engaged in natural boy activities. The basis of the program is a parent-boy relationship.

Scoutmasters Neikirk, Bauernschmidt and Perkins state that the Boy Scouts are busy planning a Father and Son Banquet to be held at 6:30 p.m. on Saturday, September 22nd. The boys prepare the food and serve the fathers who come as their guests. Those planning to attend are to meet at the Boy Scout House at 5:50 p.m. on the above date.

On Friday, October 12, the Monterey Peninsula Boy Scout Court of Honor will be held in the Sunset School Auditorium. The committee on arrangements consists of Troop Committeemen Bardarson and Smith, and Scoutmaster Neikirk. The program will be an interesting and dramatic portrayal of Scout activity and character building. Awards of Honor and badges for service will be distributed at this time by prominent Peninsula citizens active in Boy Scout work.

Thirty-two boys are enrolled in Carmel Troop No. 89 and twenty-two boys are members of Troop No. 39. With the expected growth of the Sea Scout Ship membership and the organization of the neighborhood Cub Packs Carmel will have the distinction of having a complete Scout set-up.

Present at the meeting Saturday, September 15th, were Troop Committeemen Herman S. Crossman, Hurd Comstock, Everett Smith, Otto W. Bardarson, Louis Levinson and Melvin Dorsett; Scout Leaders John Neikirk, Martin J. Peterson and Henry Bauernschmidt; Guests Bernard Rowntree, Patrick Hudgins and Jimmy Regan.

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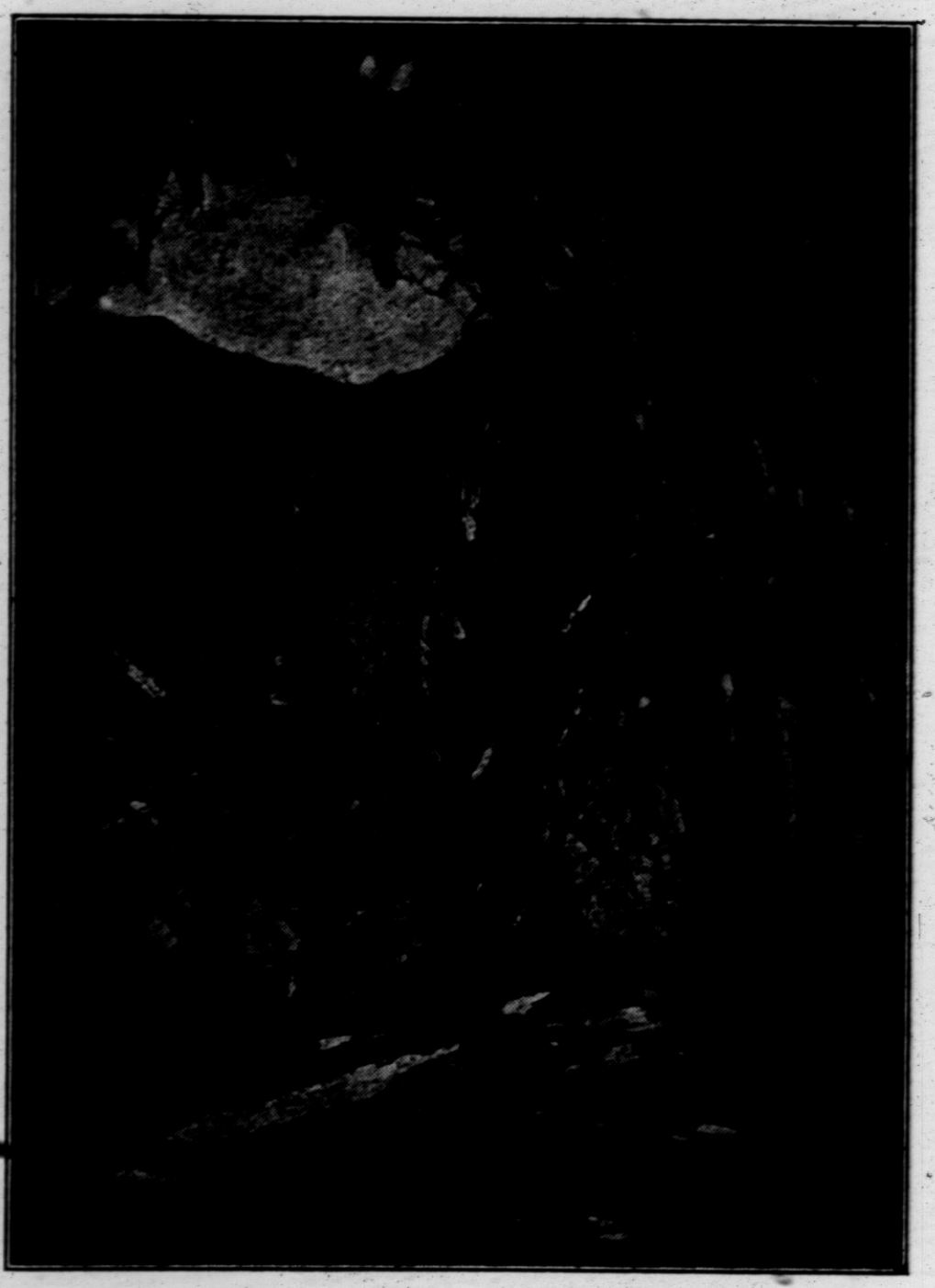
If a guest doesn't know when to leave, he doesn't know anything.



This and That

As many of our readers may have surmised, we have been making plans for the future of this news-magazine. We have interviewed many would-be editors and helpers in other ways (there is no dearth of them, it seems) and we have been talked to and at by many who are interested in the development of the TOWN CRIER.

Out of all this has come a solution, which seems to us to be the biggest stroke of good fortune possible and we will make an announcement in the next issue which will be as welcome to our readers and to the many that will soon become readers as it is to us. Watch for it!

Due to the making of these plans and to the probable future of the policy (and it will surprise you) of the paper, we have decided that for this one issue we would not attempt to solicit any advertising. But next week will be a different story and, unless we are very wrong in our guess, advertisers will be soliciting us for space, instead of our doing the soliciting.

As we said before, the policy of the TOWN CRIER will be a surprise as it will be unlike anything heretofore attempted. So will the announcement of those who will conduct it in the future be a surprise and of the kind that delights and intrigues more and more as times goes on.

So, again we say, watch for the announcement in the next issue.

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The Coit Memorial Tower, its walls covered with murals completed a few months ago under the Public Works of Art Project, is locked against the public. Rising from the top of San Francisco's Telegraph Hill, looking out upon a spectacular panorama of bay and hills down on the entire waterfront, it was forbidden to the public during the general strike crisis. Police, half-way down the hill to cut off the approach to the tower, said someone might throw rocks, or give signals. The tower, however, had been locked three weeks before the general strike, and it had had its own pickets to think about.

The opening of the tower, planned for late May in order to give extra time for those artists who had not completed their work on the scheduled May 1, has been postponed indefinitely by the Art Commission. Nobody, no matter who he is, may enter. The great door has been locked since Art Commission members took their final look at the project, rubbed their eyes, and said that certain things they saw were "in opposition to the generally accepted tradition of native Americanism."

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Blowing his own horn is not going to be too healthy for the London motorist—if the Ministry of Transport has its way. Only the authority of a government ukase is needed to make the imperial capital safe for sleepers. Just as in New York, boroughs of London have a way of retaining individuality. Probably the hesitant two are not traversed by cars in sufficient number to take an interest in the sleep of their burgesses.

Meanwhile, the Ministry of Transport can't quite decide whether to put muzzles on sirens and klaxons at 11 p.m., when most of the pubs close, or at midnight, when the restaurants take away the rubber sandwiches and the bartender warns sincere tipplers, "time, Gentlemen, *Please!*" If the earlier hour is selected, then horns may begin grating at six of the morning, whereas, if midnight is deemed sufficiently early, then the muffler order will be enforced until seven o'clock.

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The latest dispute between the American Federation of Labor and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States is more to the public taste than that which preceded it. In the first controversy the Chamber attacked A. F. of L. figures which placed the number of unemployed at 10,300,000. The Chamber of Commerce estimated that there were "less than 7,000,000 unemployed in July." The catch here was that even the more optimistic side of the dispute struck the average person as being very far from cheerful.

Now, the case is different. Henry I. Harriman, President of the Chamber of Commerce, is quoted as predicting a moderate Fall increase in business "that could be very much accentuated if President Roosevelt could give business more assurances." On the other hand, William Green, President of the Federation of Labor, predicted that the increase would be "very substantial."

In other words, the two men differ on the extent, and not on the fact, of a coming pick-up. This must seem to the man in the street a pretty heartening argument all around.

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The best way to protect an overhead wire against lightning sometimes is to lay another wire on the ground beneath it, according to tests at the Westinghouse lightning laboratory at Trafford, Pennsylvania. Artificial lightning-strokes of 840,000 volts were loosed on one wire of a specially-built transmission line, and results were observed in a parallel wire ten feet distant. With the "counterpoise," as the wire lying on the ground is called, the lightning-strokes showed considerably less destructive effect.

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When the pub is sighted
In the market square
Every face is lighted
With its rosy flare,
Then say every cheery soul,
"Could you find a better hole?"

—CARMINA BURANA

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